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Micro Non-Fiction (165 Words)

Sunset Titanium

Remembering days and nights on Sunset Boulevard, diving in green and blue neon and walking under bayou-style architecture with Tony LeMans aka Anthony DiMaria, directly next door to the place Van Halen made their first album which played from every speaker magnetically enamored, for a time. There we sat in ancient Cat-N-Fiddle with lots of Scottish cuisine among Louisiana-mode vines and liquor and so many tables under imported trees along with curly wrought iron and a definite Anne Rice totality, likely with her titan-blade wit, candor, peace, cool. Hard to believe the social space was a wall away from the launch of a career a bit over a decade ago, where four guys (two from Pasadena) rode chariots across every imaginable road, a Van Halen global lantern mixed with foundations in tall rivers, humor and panache, coffee and leverage, far out width and breadth of a solar system in a bottle. Things like this and that are good cartography in the mind, forever. Far out.

End.